

STAR PRESENTS



Bob Anthony's

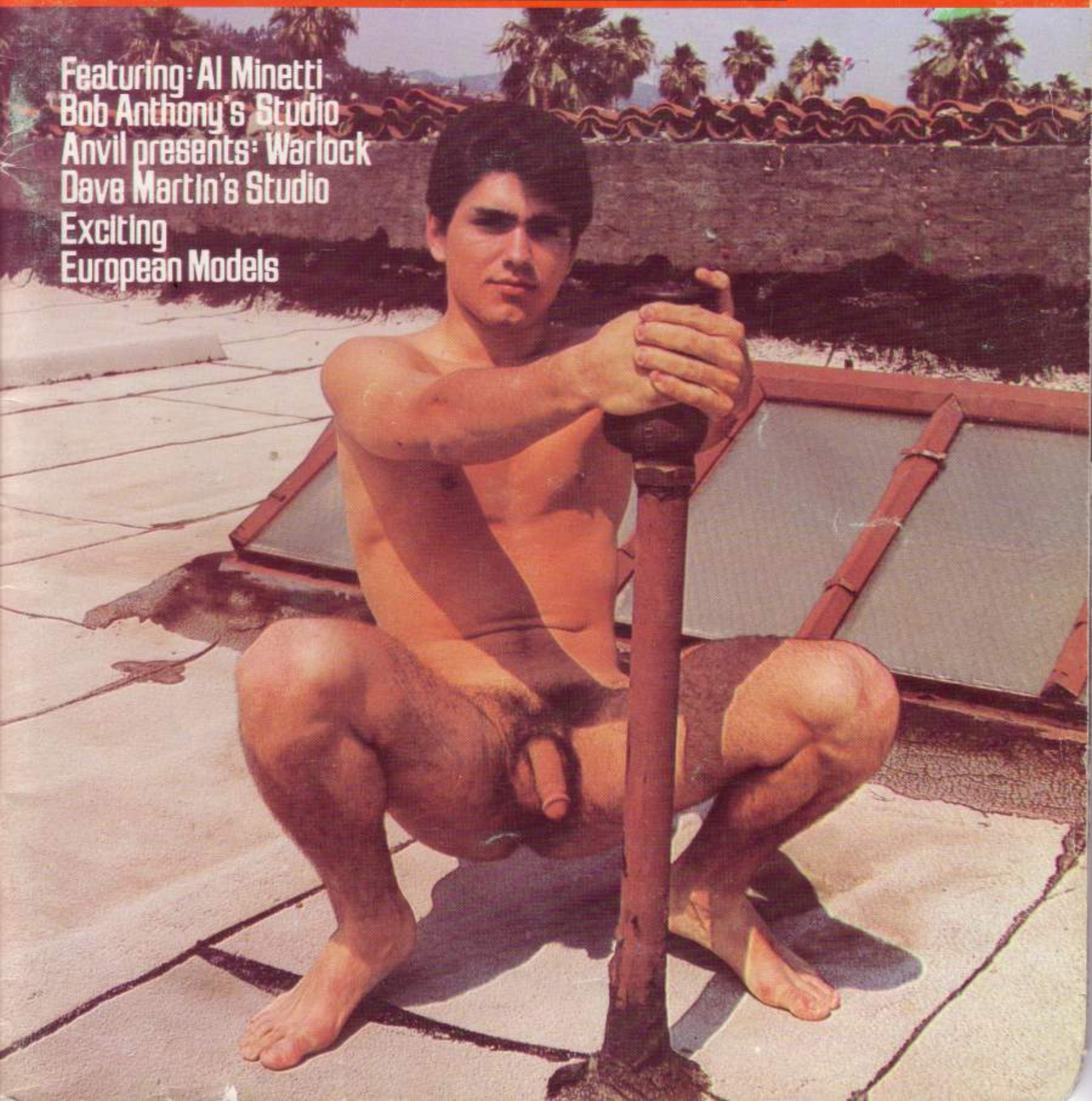
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NUMBER 5

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Bob Anthony's Studio
Anvil presents: Warlock
Dave Martin's Studio
Exciting
European Models



Bob Anthony's **BeefCake!**

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We solicit your comments and suggestions.

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BOB ANTHONY STUDIO PRESENTS

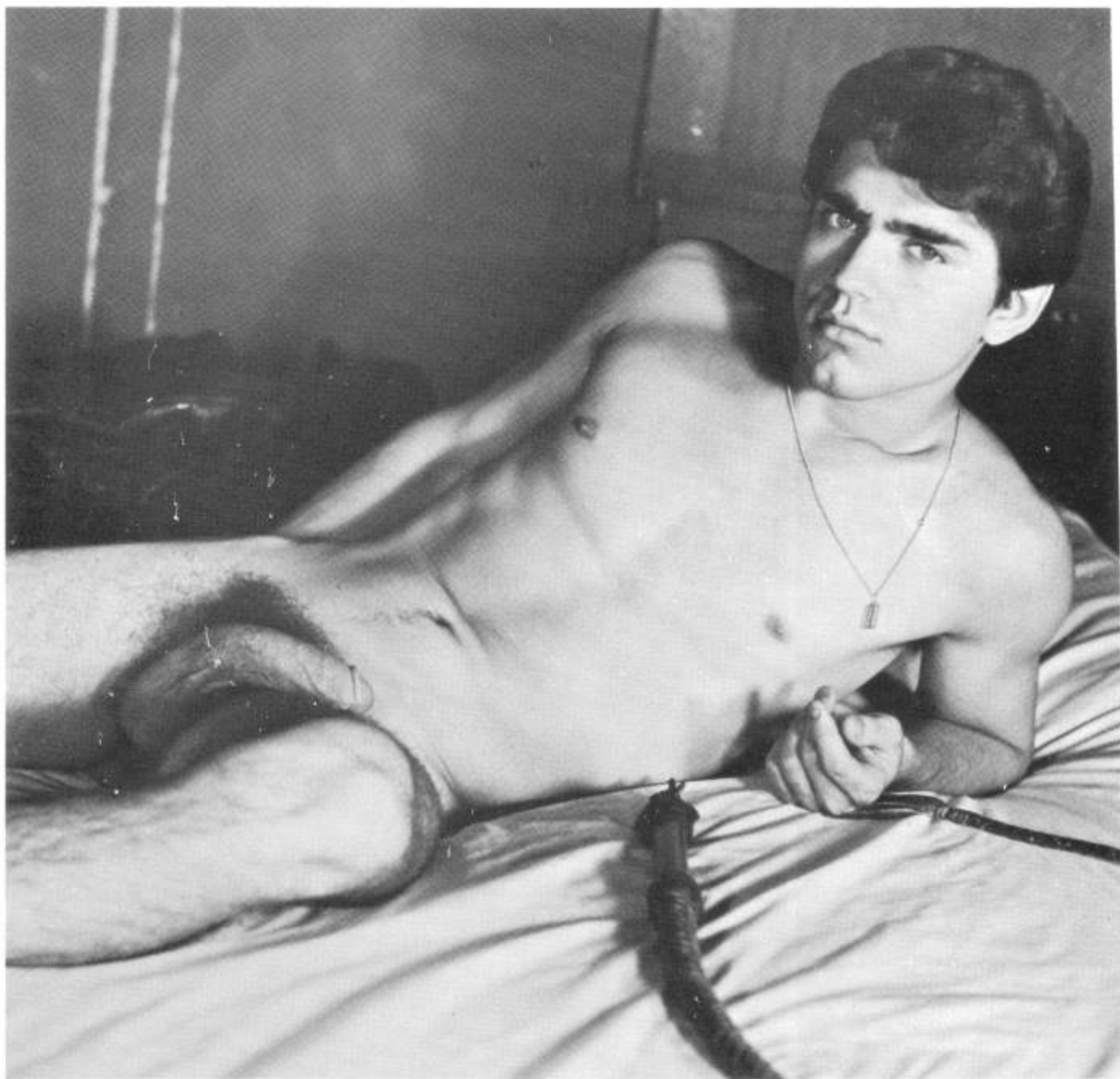
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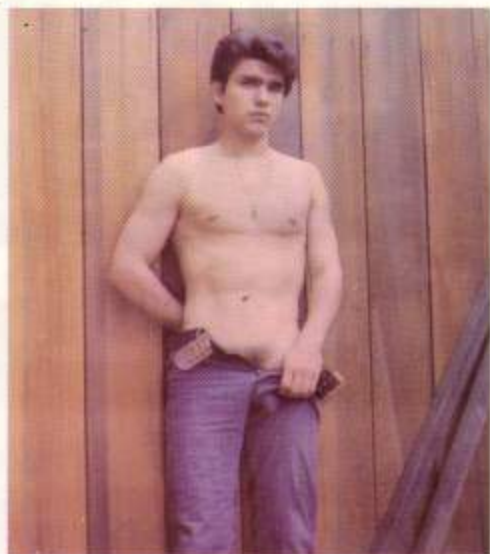
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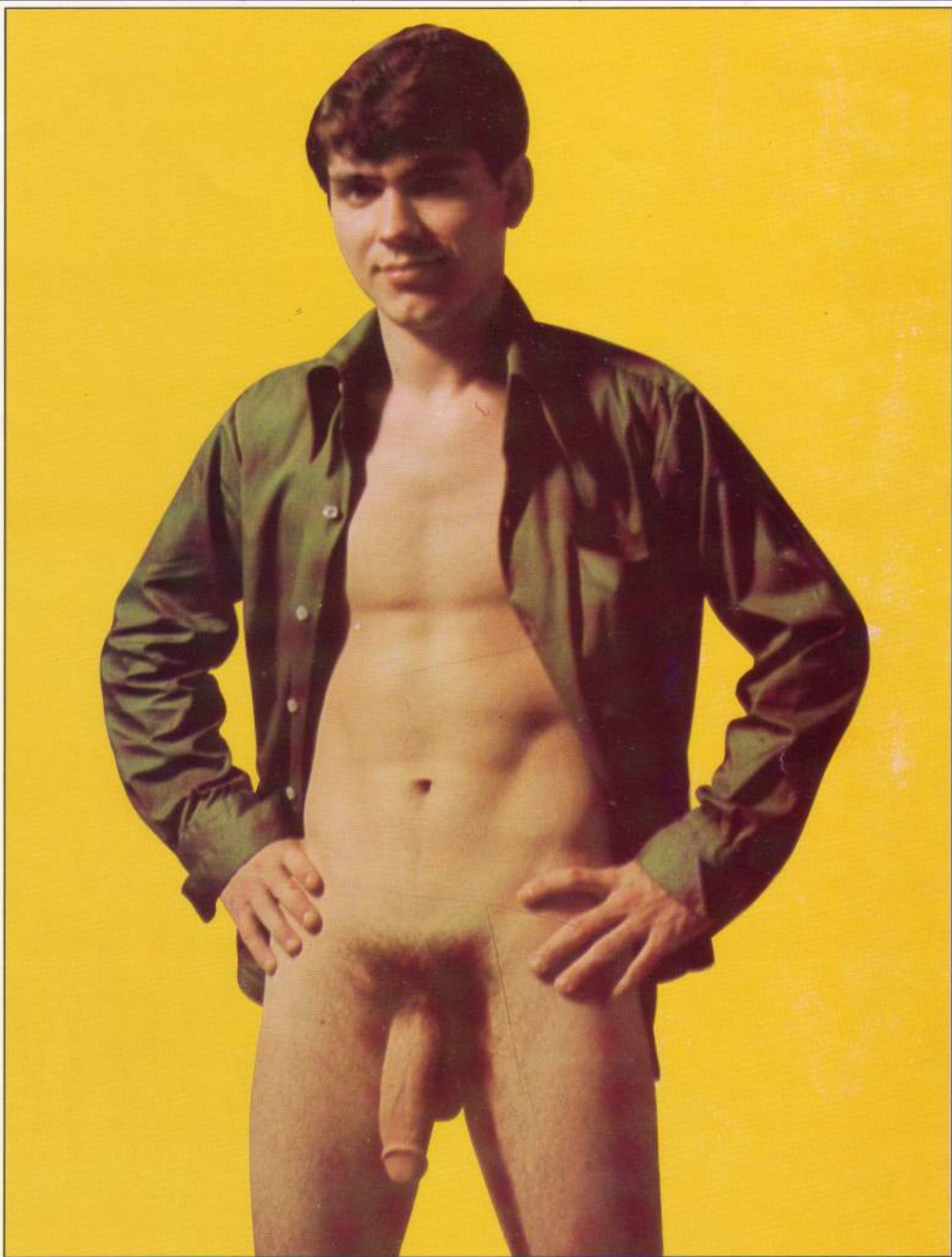
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AL MINETTI





AL MINETTI

ANVIL

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A STUDY

OF THE MASCULINE EXPRESSION!

AND TO START OFF WITH HERE IS THE PREVIEW OF "WARLOCK"





ROOMMATES
ROOMMATES
ROOMMATES





ROOMMATES



ROOMMATES



THE NEW GENERATION

The last thing Terry Gardner said before he and his boy bounced away in the pick-up truck was, "It's gonna take one helluva lotta sweat to make this place into anything—but you always did have guts, Chris."

Chris Collins leaned tiredly against one of the porch pillars on the old house and, as it creaked, he watched the truck turn onto the main road and head the two miles west for home.

Guts? Was that what he had?

Or was it lack of brains?

After two months of tearing and hammering and bracing, he had hardly scratched the surface.

Ten years ago when he

went away to school, it had been beautiful—this house. Standing tall and white in the center of the prairie—backed on the north and west by its wind belt of dark green elms and held to the road by a gently sloping lawn—it had been a secure haven in his memory. Even after his parents died and the place was sold, he had still held it in his mind as he had last seen it.

He had meant to come home after school and see it—but Terry had written to tell him it was changing. It had been sold and resold a multitude of times. Each new owner tried to make more out of the fields and pastures and let the tall white house fall in on itself. The leaded glass arches over the windows on the second floor were broken. The railings on the porches upstairs and down were falling away. The lower windows were finally boarded up to protect what glass was left. And of course the white paint had peeled to scabby grey and then been blasted into great bare sores by hot summer winds.

Vietnam came then. First he was an agricultural advisor—then he was given a gun—and if the land mine hadn't sliced across his back he'd still be there. He was in the hospital at Saigon when Terry let him know the old place was up for sale again. So, he had sent enough to make his down payment—and now, six months later, Fall was coming on and here he was.

The medics had done a good job on his back. Only the red scar from his right buttock up and over his spine to his left shoulder blade showed where the screaming steel had cut and chopped its way across him. Another eighth inch, they had told him, and his spinal cord would have been severed.

Well, that was all done. Tomorrow there was the water tank to clean out. And after supper tonight, he could still clean up some of the leaded glass and start laying it out to go back into its frame. He'd end up having to buy a lot but at least, he'd use as much as he'd been able to reclaim from all the old refuse in the place.

It was almost ten by the time his eyes started to smart under the dust and the glare reflected from the glass. He finally pushed his half-grown-out yellow hair out of his eyes and decided to call it a night. When he fell into bed, sheer dragging-down muscle ache pushed him to sleep with little more than a vague reflection back to Terry and his boy, Curt.

Curt looked like his dad had—as Chris remembered him. Terry had always been the life of the countryside. In track, in football—in his 4-H activities—he was at the top. And Chris was just ten years and one step back—adoring in a candid god-but-you're-great sort of way.

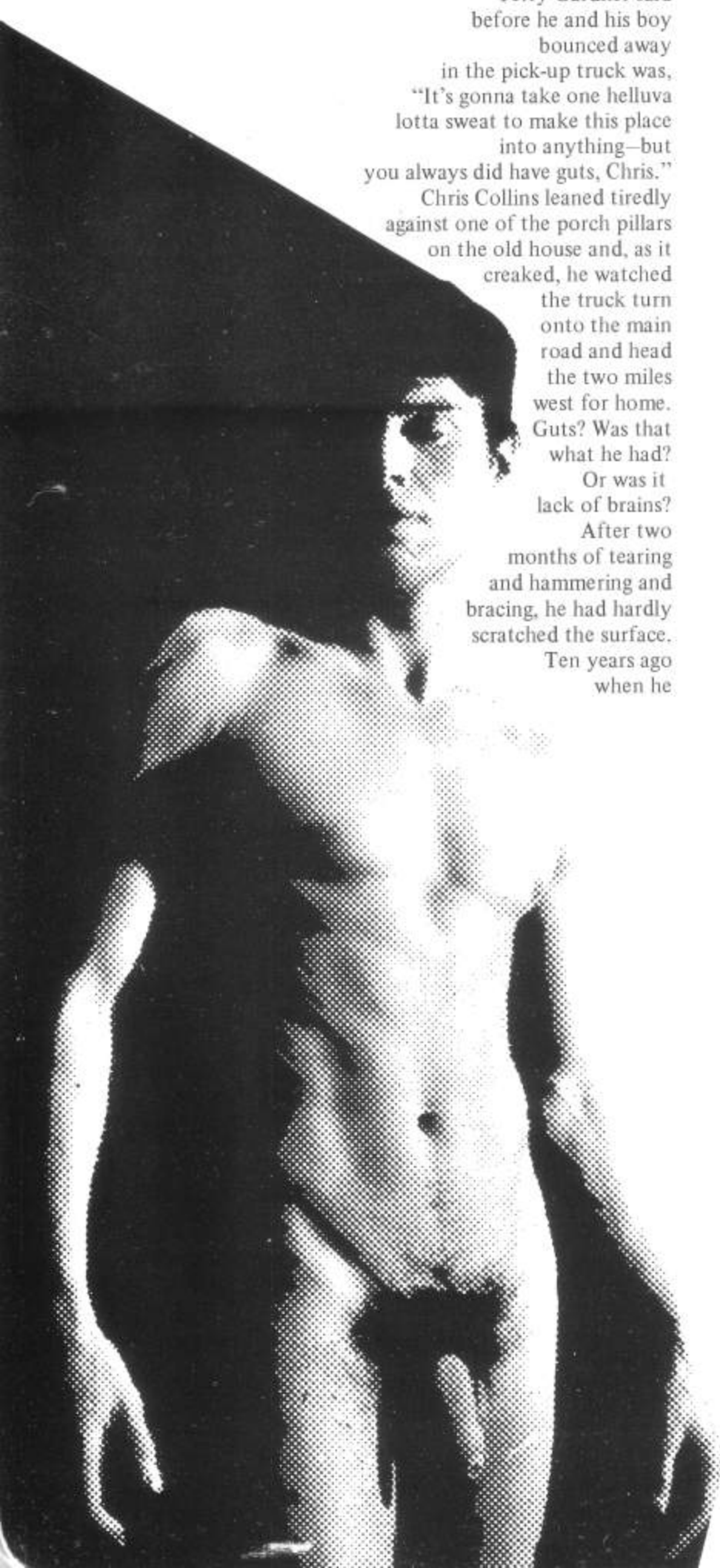
Chris went to sleep remembering that and woke to realize they had been almost inseparable—even after Terry suddenly married Lucy Dorne and Curt had been born. A few times in college he had been tempted, when writing to Terry, to excite old happenings—but he knew Lucy would read the letters so he kept the thoughts to himself. Terry had never indicated in any way that he recalled them. For awhile, Chris had hated Terry in a dark hidden part of himself—but time had soothed him—and now he was Terry's neighbor again—and it was better if old times were locked away. They had both changed too much to be able to find the same pleasures with each other again.

He got up and went out to relieve himself by the back porch, pleasantly surprised that his morning erection, maybe because he'd been thinking of Terry, was slow in leaving. Terry used to like that about him—the way he could continue his enthusiasm so long before climaxing.

He had finished breakfast and was stripping down to his shorts when Curt knocked at the door.

Chris frowned and looked down at his shorts.

The boy smiled.



"Dad said he thought you could stand some help on that tank work you were telling him about—so he sent me over."

This was not a young Terry, at that, Chris decided. The faces were similar but Curt was a little taller, closer to Chris' height—and his eyes weren't Terry's walnut brown. They had a wash of green in them that accented the rose tone of his full lips and the hollow of his throat above his tee shirt.

Curt was damn attractive—in his own way.

"Well, Curt, I'm just about ready for it. Do you want any coffee or anything before we start?"

The boy looked around.

"Alright if I leave my clothes in here with yours?"

Chris nodded and watched almost openly as the boy pulled the tee shirt up and over his dark hair, kicked out of his shoes—and stripped out of the jeans. He wore nothing beneath and when he saw Chris appraising his heavy young maleness, he blushed a little and laughed.

"I've seen that old tank of yours—and it's pretty cruddy so I figured we were gonna get dirty as hell in it."

"Yeah—I—I'm afraid we are."

For at least the last five years, no one had taken care of the tank. Built at the end of the barn on four great bracing legs, it looked ready to fall if the barn hadn't braced it up. The ladder up the outside and then down the inner wall was rotted and far from trustworthy but Chris had managed to replace most of the weakest steps. The inside had dried and warped until it would take caulking and days of soaking to make it usable again. Worst of all, the drain pipes had clogged so the entire bottom was covered with a thick green slime.

Chris' plan was to find the main drain and get rid of as much of the sediment as possible through there. After that, it would take pails and shovels to get rid of the remainder—that and more bucket hauling while he got water in from the top and flushed out the tank and drain. He planned the draining and cleaning work for today. Tomorrow he'd haul up the water for the flushing operation.

Curt, since he was a little lighter, suggested he go up the ladder first. As he went over the top of the rotting wood and looked down at the ascending Chris, he called,

"Whyn't you take off those shorts, Chris? They're just gonna get wet and stick to you down inside. They'll be a mess."

Chris, enjoying the sight of the long thighs and the full sway of the sex trio A-framed against the sky, felt he needed the shorts to do more than protect him. They also screened him. He started finding an excuse—then kicked the binding cotton away and let it drift down to the ground below.

As Chris disappeared inside, Chris reached the top, balanced himself, and started to follow. He had just put his foot solidly on the inside ladder when Curt hollered.

There was an ominous groan, a squeak that rose to a screech—and the wood below Curt gave way.

The boy shouted—grabbed upward—and caught Chris' leg with both hands. It was all that kept him from pitching after the ladder pieces to the bottom of the tank.

Chris was pulled full against the tank rim. He caught with both hands, ignoring the grind of splinters into the inner side of his right thigh—and held on desperately. Curt, his feet spread to hold on the remains of the ladder verticals, had a death grip on his knee.

The pain in his leg was fantastic but, by holding with his left leg still outside the tank, he managed to reach down and grab Curt by the wrist.

From there, it was a slow, steady pull to get the boy up to the rim with him before they moved down the outside, Curt

going first and guiding Chris' feet from step to step. At ground level, Chris caught his breath and tried for the house but Curt stopped him.

"You better stay here. Lay down and let me get some stuff from the house. It's clean out here and I can use plenty of light to get out all those splinters."

Every step was agony—so Chris slid forward on his knees to his stomach and breathed in long gulps until the grass soothed him.

Curt came running back, carrying towels, tweezers, a paper of needles—and a bottle of alcohol. Chris took one look at that and groaned.

"That may be alright for sterilizing the needles or tweezers but don't pour it on me or I won't be able to lay down for a week."

Curt rolled Chris on his side—then fell to his knees and, methodically and carefully, began. Chris expected the worst but, as Curt worked, the slivers came out quite readily. Old and rotten as the wood had been, most of it had broken off under the skin. Gently Curt lifted them away—brushed at the pulverized wood dust—and worked his way farther until he brushed Chris' drawn-up bag.

Chris felt himself arousing and, when he turned his head, he saw that, between Curt's legs, there was an equal response.

"Curt, I think that should do it. I think you—got most of the wood out."

Curt leaned back. He moistened his full lips.

"Is that—all you want me to do, really—Chris?"

Chris started to roll on his back—realized he was going to display his hardening condition—and stopped.

"What else is there to do, Curt? I can't get anything more done on the tank for at least two or three days."

Curt smiled gently.

"Chris, I'm not a kid, you know. Why don't you lay back and let me see you?"

"I'm laying here bare. Now, how can you help seeing me?"

The boy reached down and ran his hand up Chris' thigh.

"That's not what I mean—and you know it. I'm not hiding myself. Why should you?"

Chris rolled a little farther. His extended organ, still rising, swung up above his belly.

In answer, Curt's organ arched up and quivered. The boy dropped back to his knees and reached out.

"I think my fourth-grade teacher said I should treat everything as though it was a snake-bite!"

Chris didn't realize the sun had gotten so hot so fast until the boy's hand caught him.

"Curt, are you sure this is what you want? I mean—I don't have snake bite—so there's no need—"

Curt faked serious concern.

"Oh, yes, there is need. A snake-bite has to be sucked out—and we can't take chances."

He was poised for action.

"And when I'm through, you can help me the same way. We should take all the right precautions."

Chris had to grin at the serious expression. But, remembering who Curt was, he sobered.

"Curt—your dad—he wouldn't like it—"

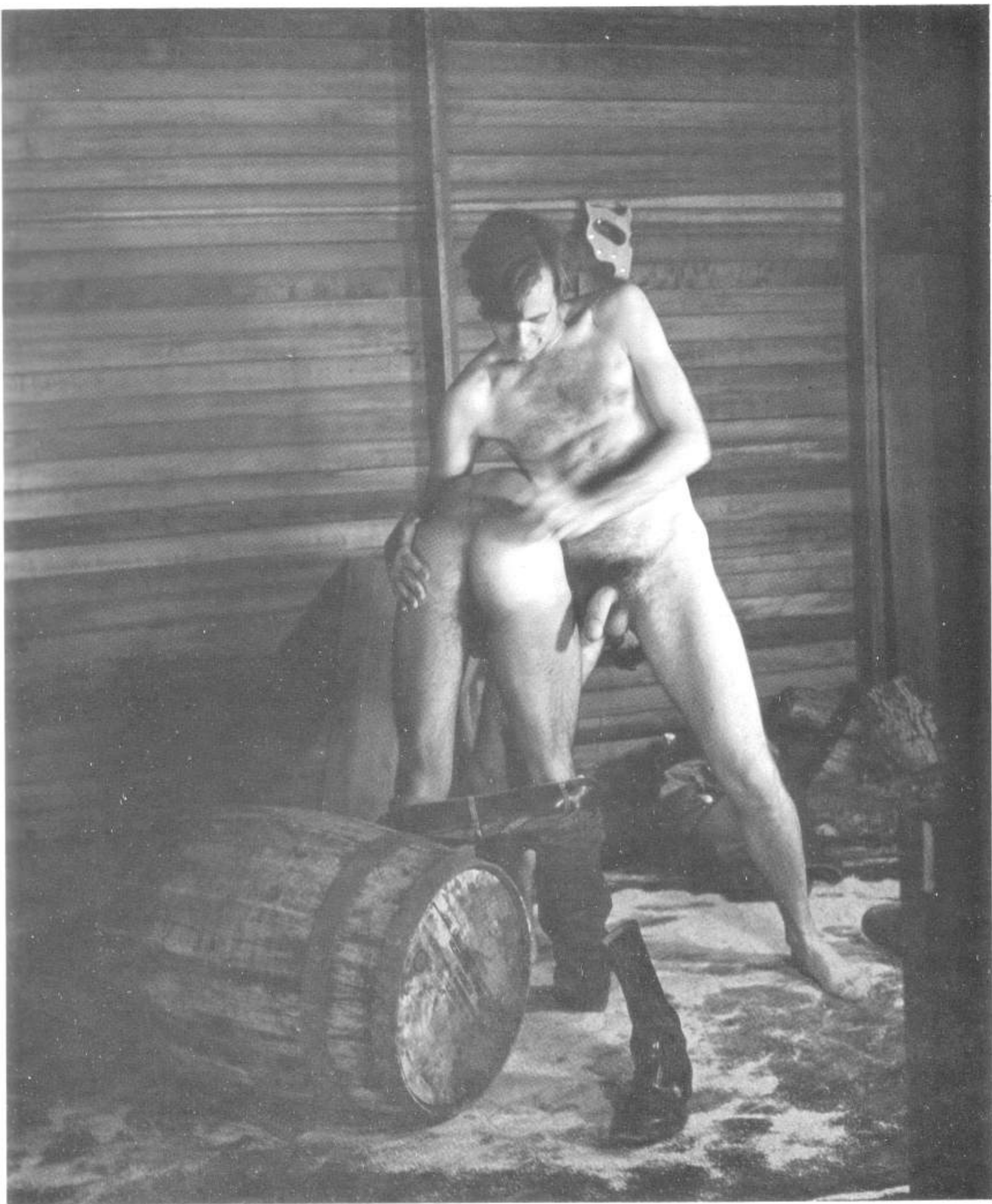
Curt leaned closer. His hand was holding and moving up and down. In a whisper, he said,

"Don't bet on that. You saved me from falling and he told me this morning to take care of you. He said you were the greatest guy he ever knew—and I'm supposed to be good to you—because he still—loves you."

The young warm lips came down. They took care of Chris—completely.

ANVIL'S WOODSHED





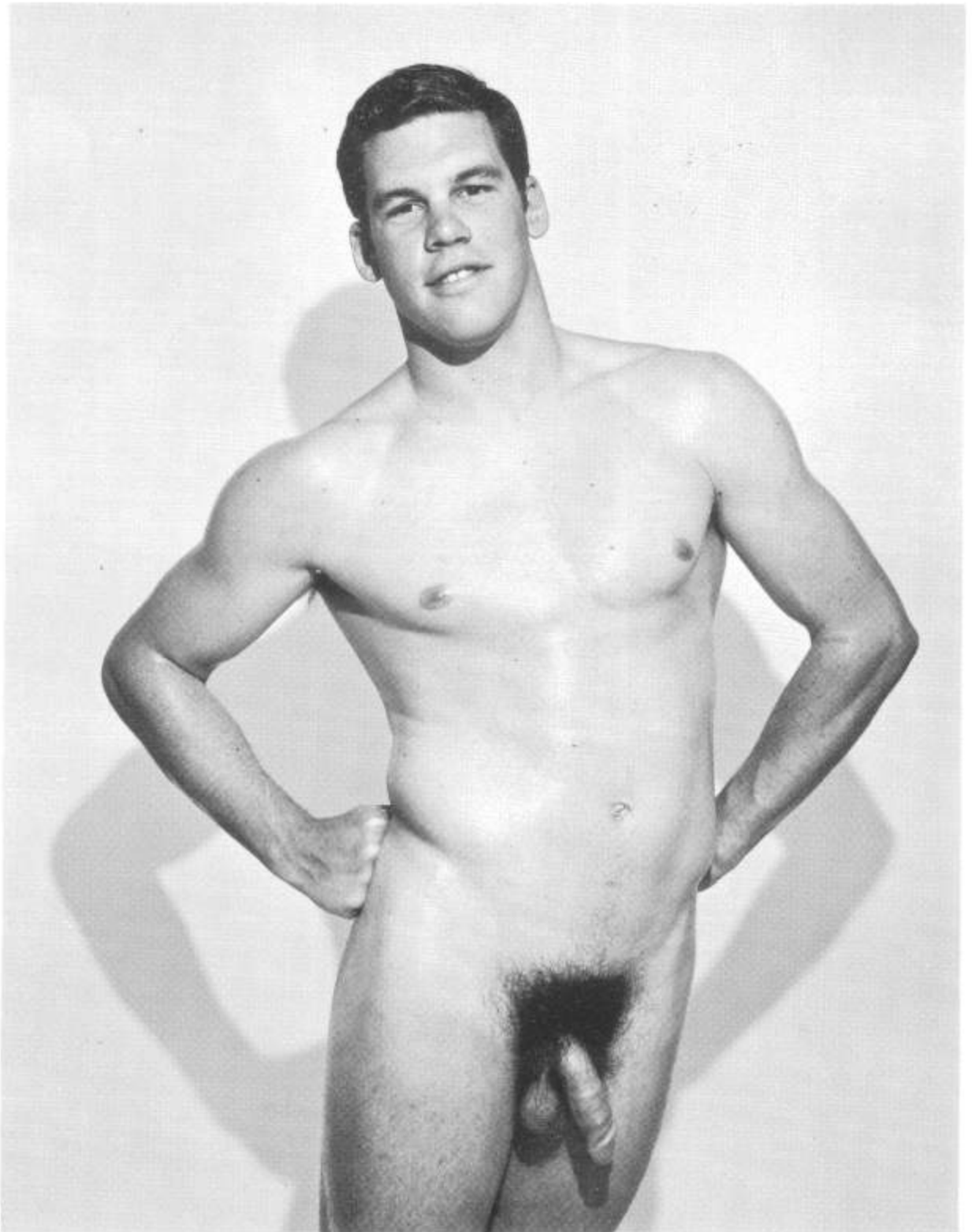
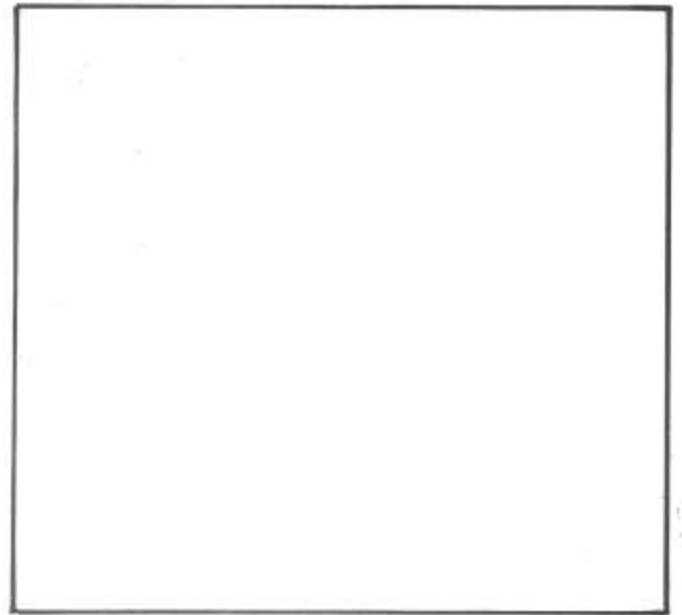
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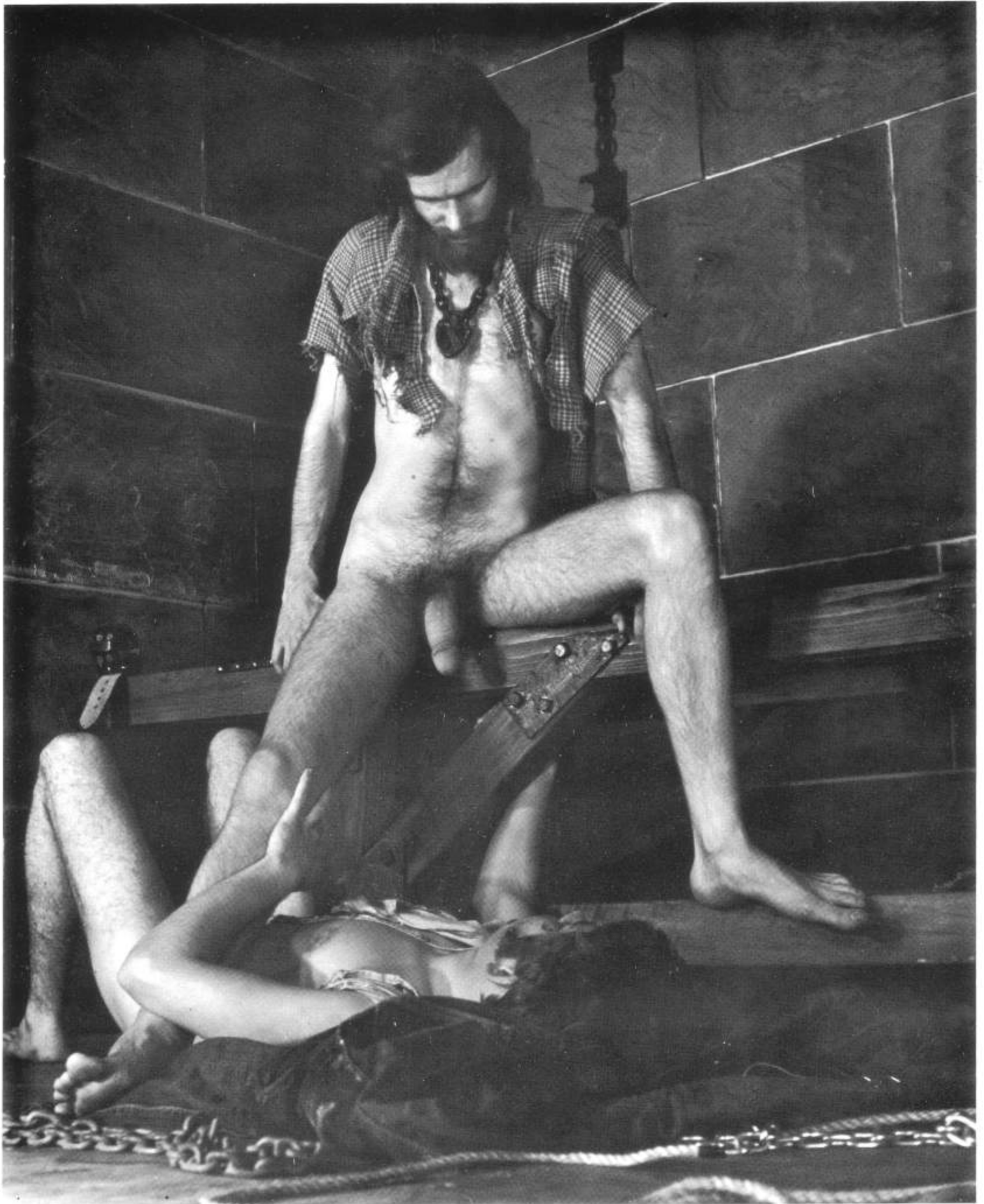


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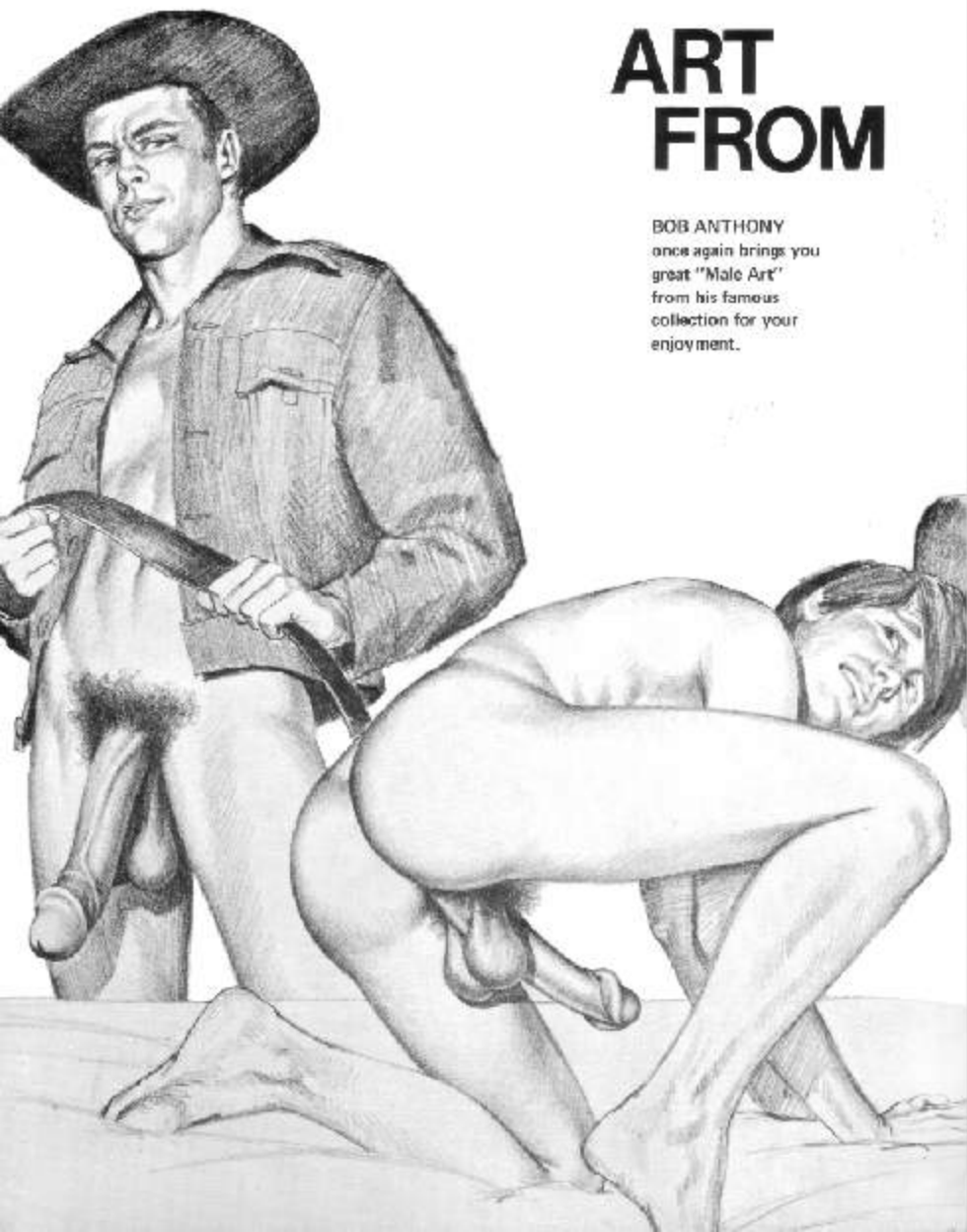


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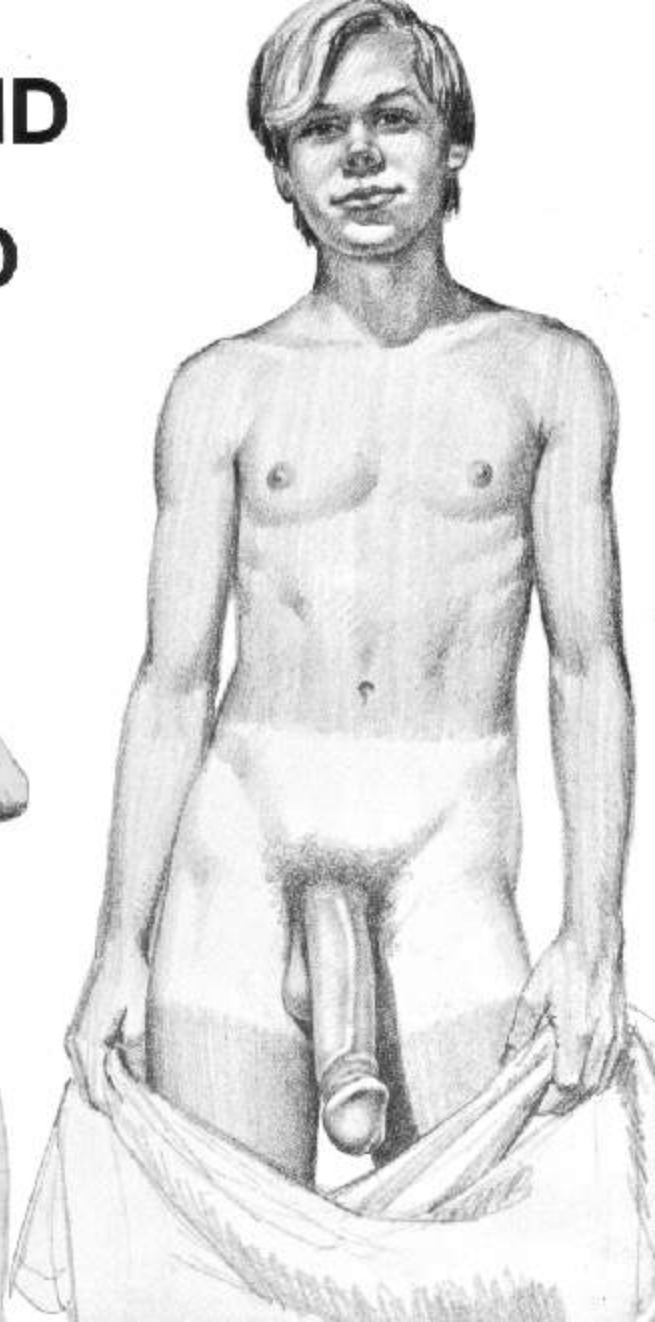


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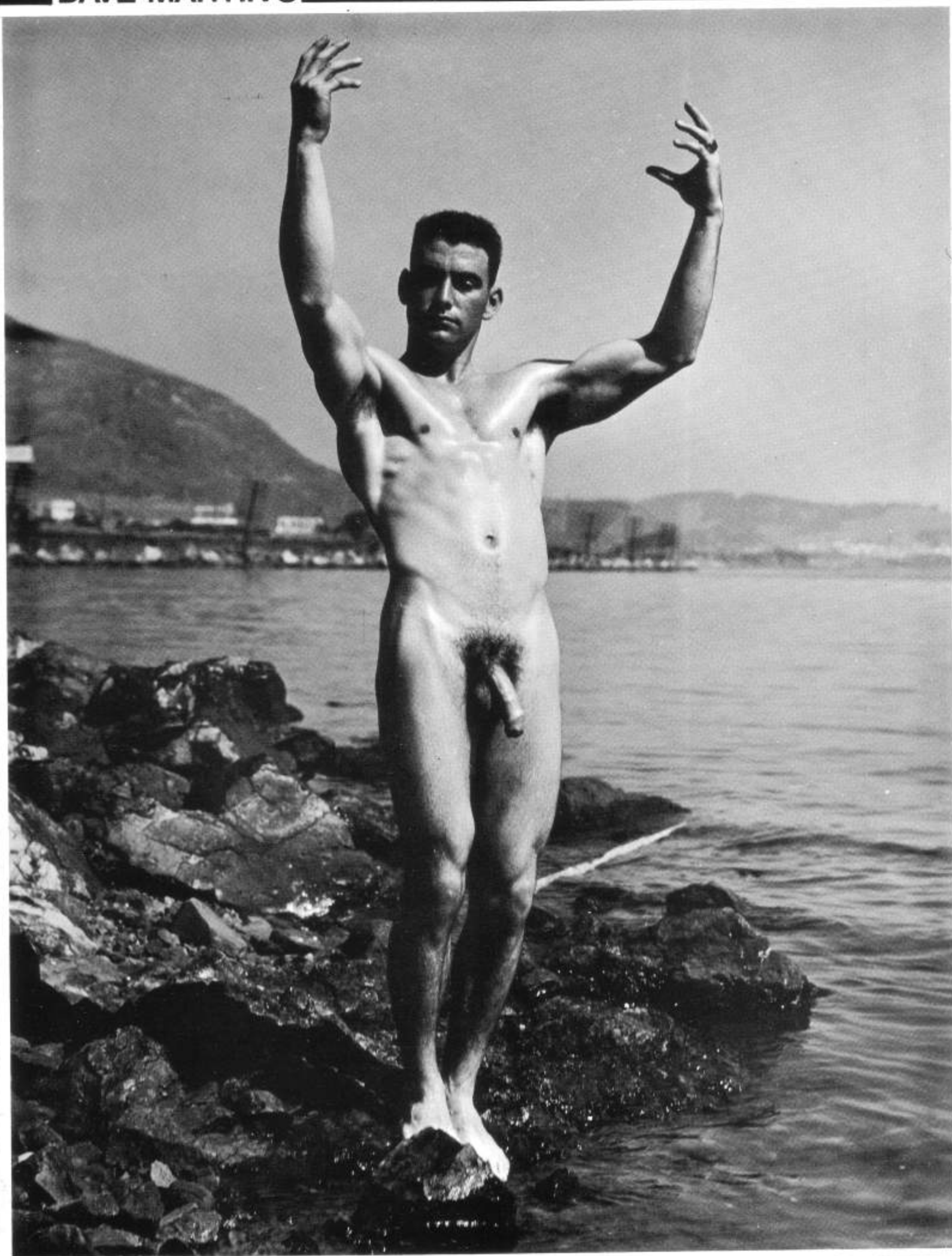


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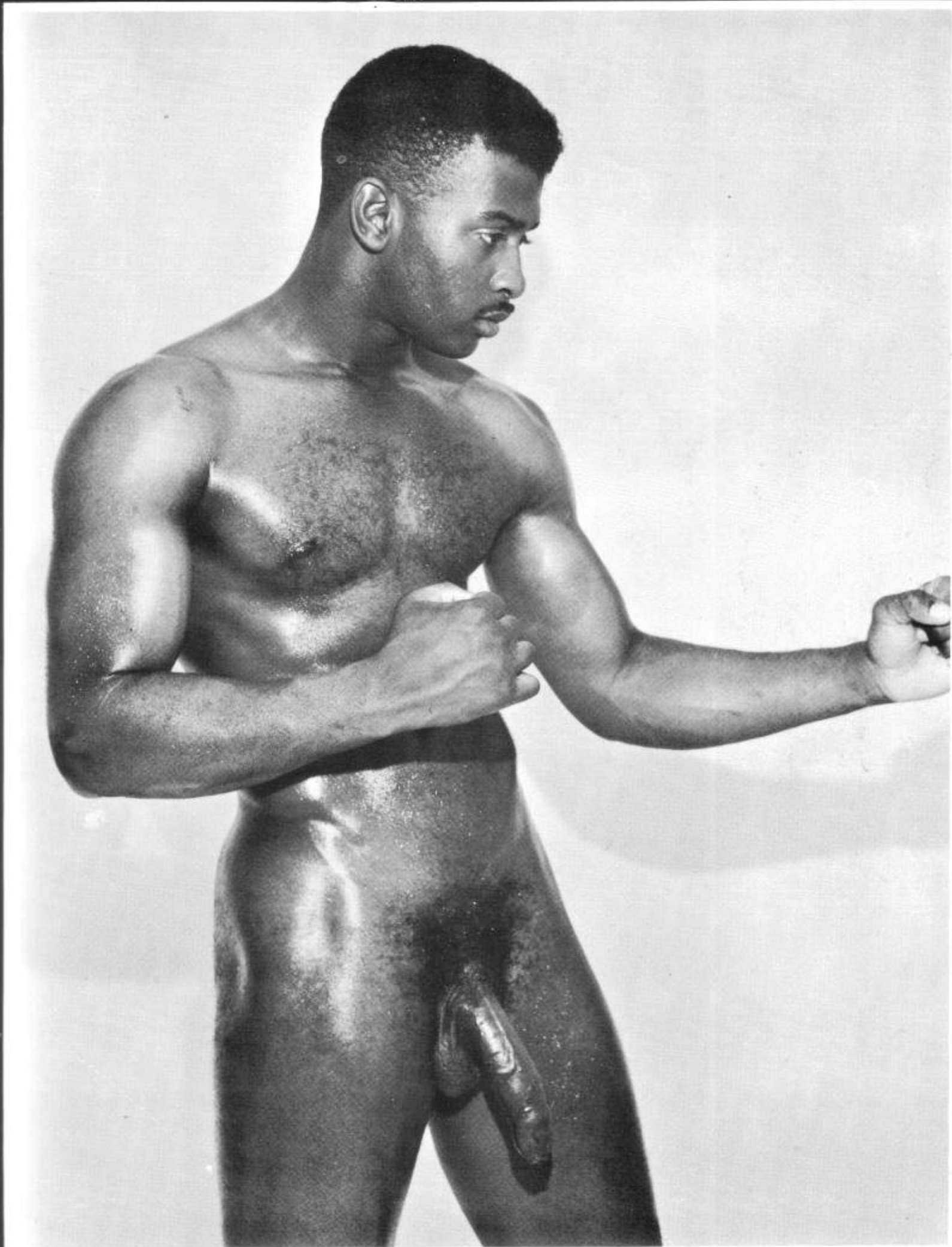


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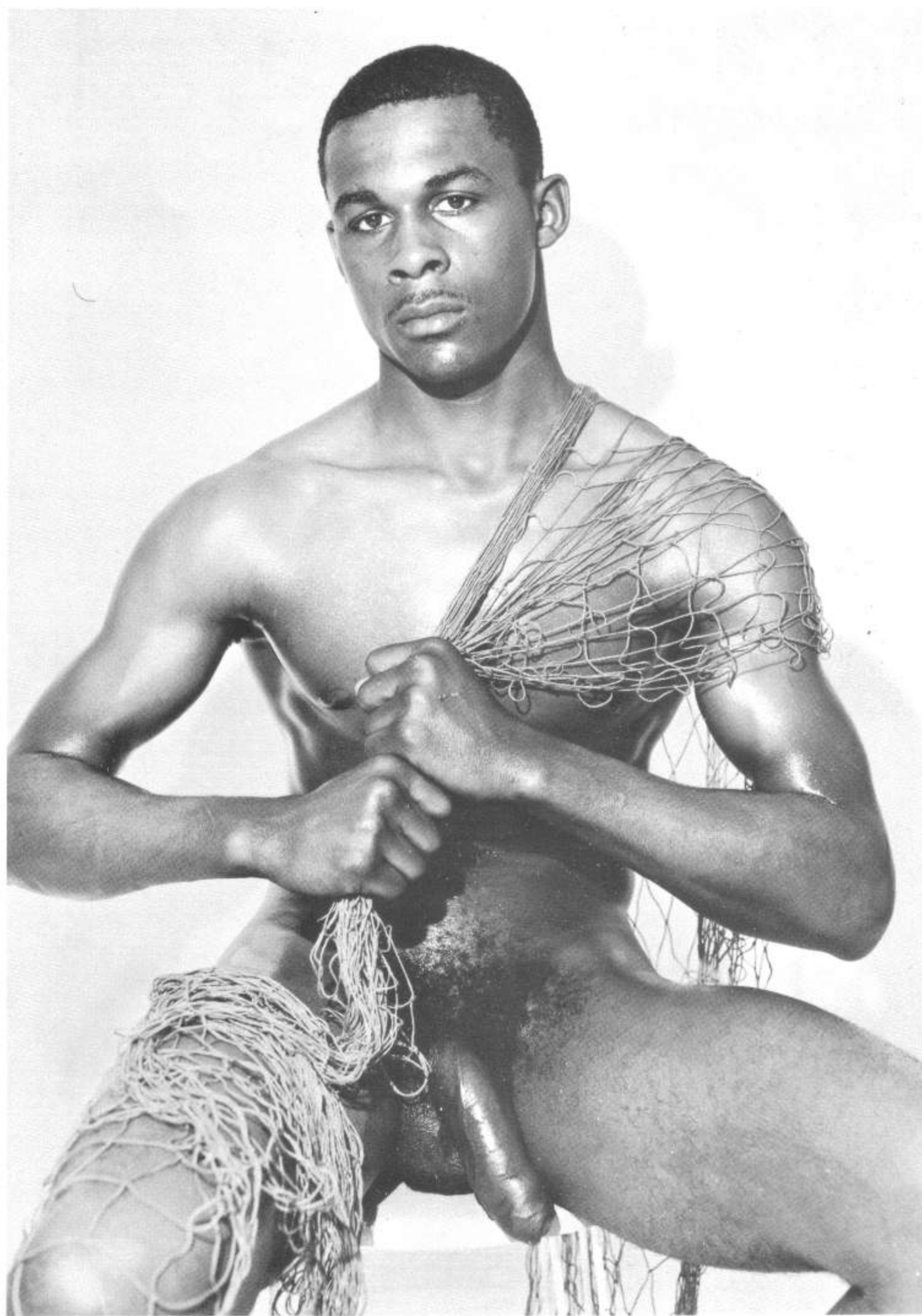
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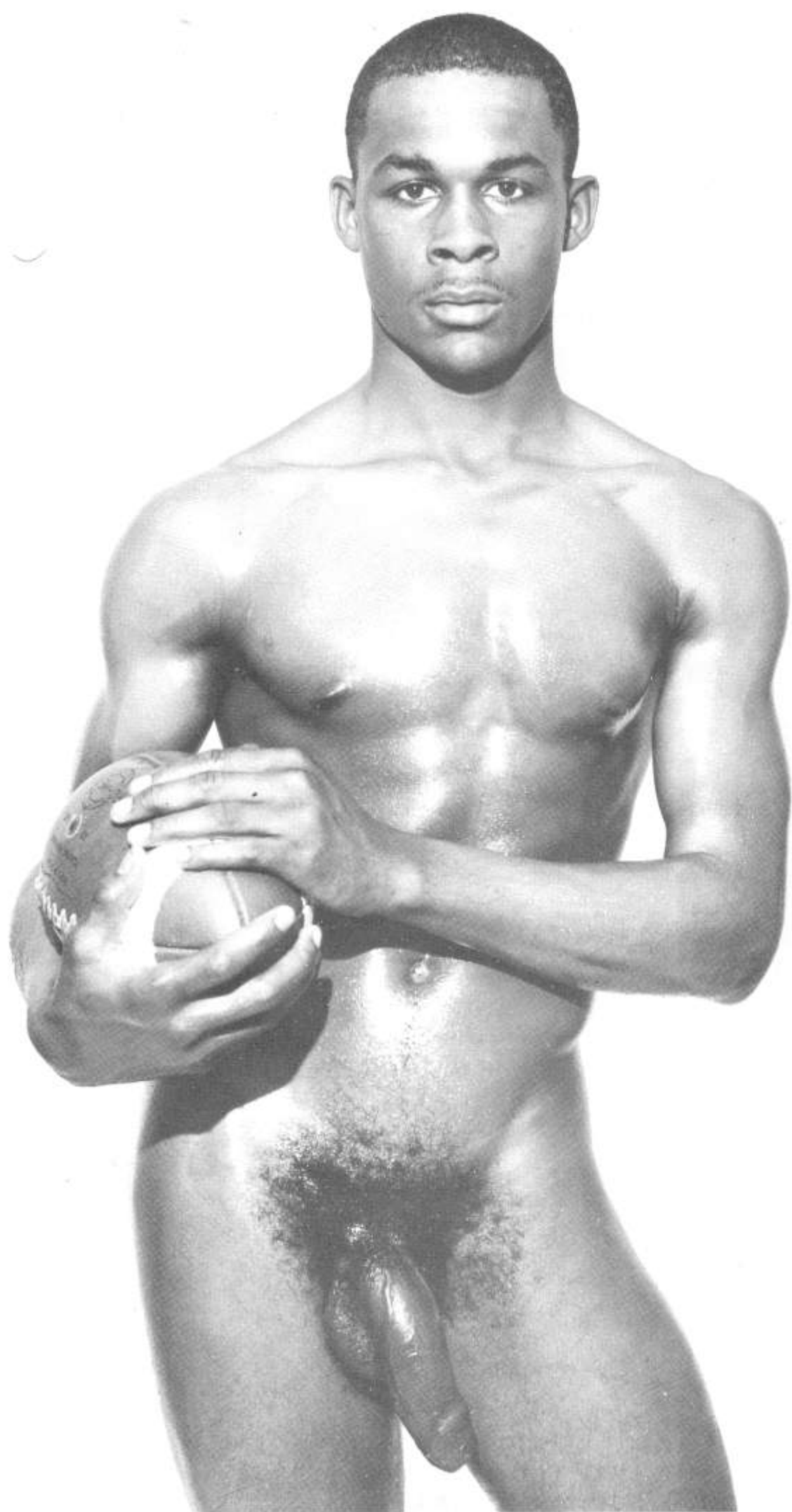


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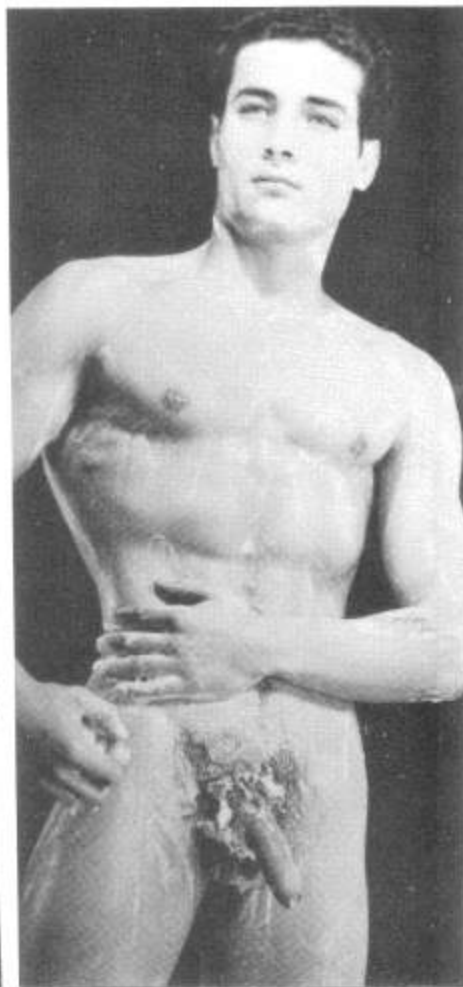
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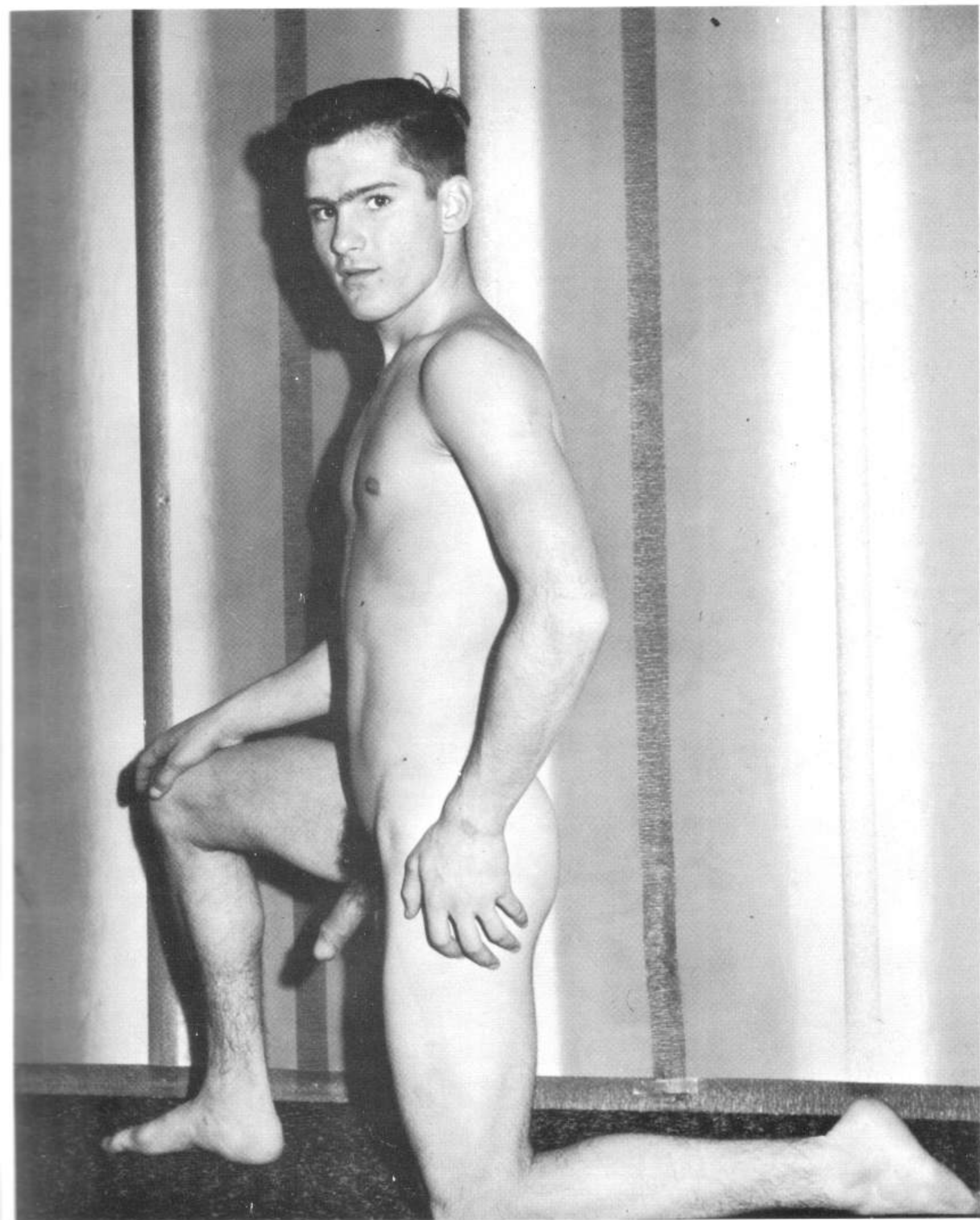
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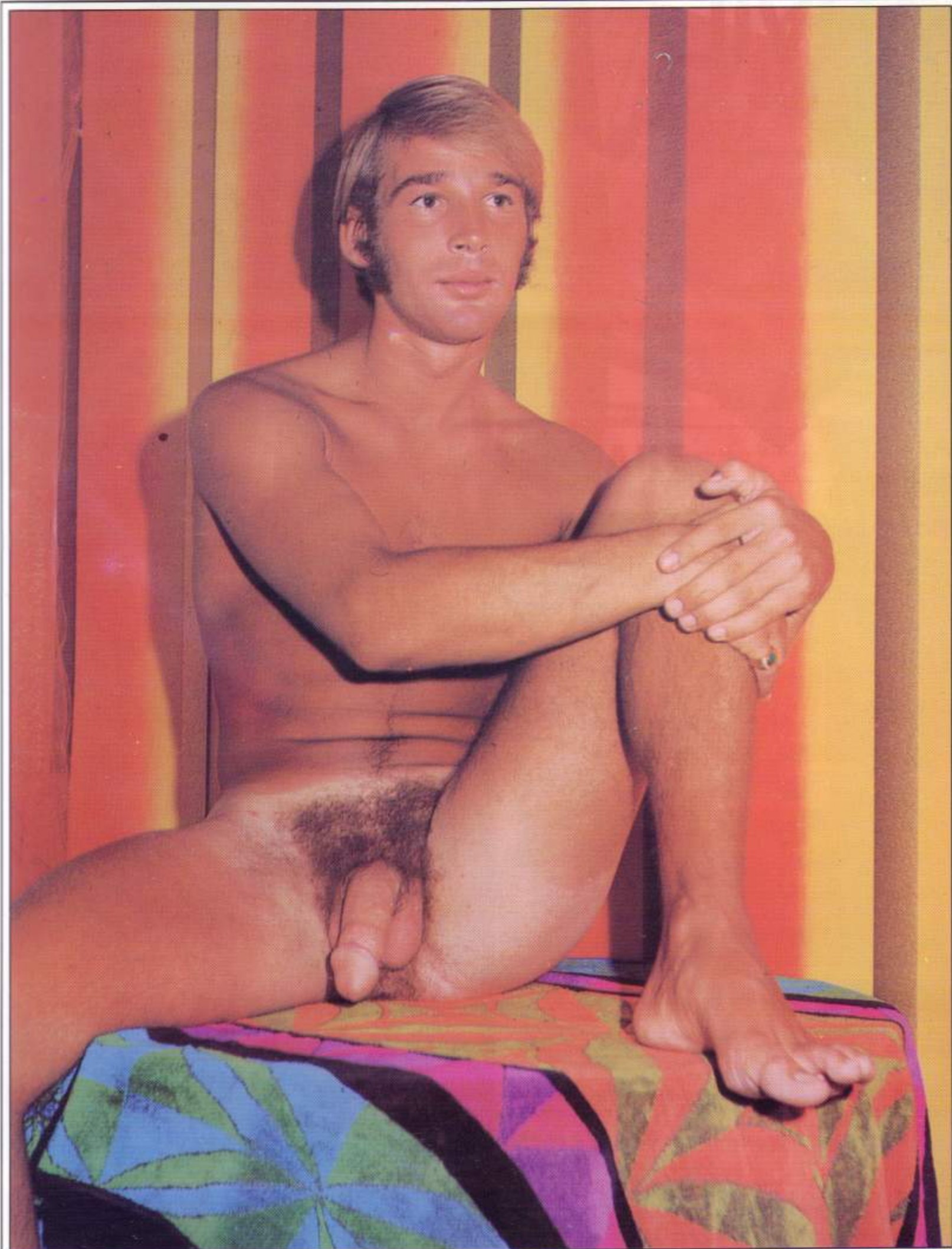


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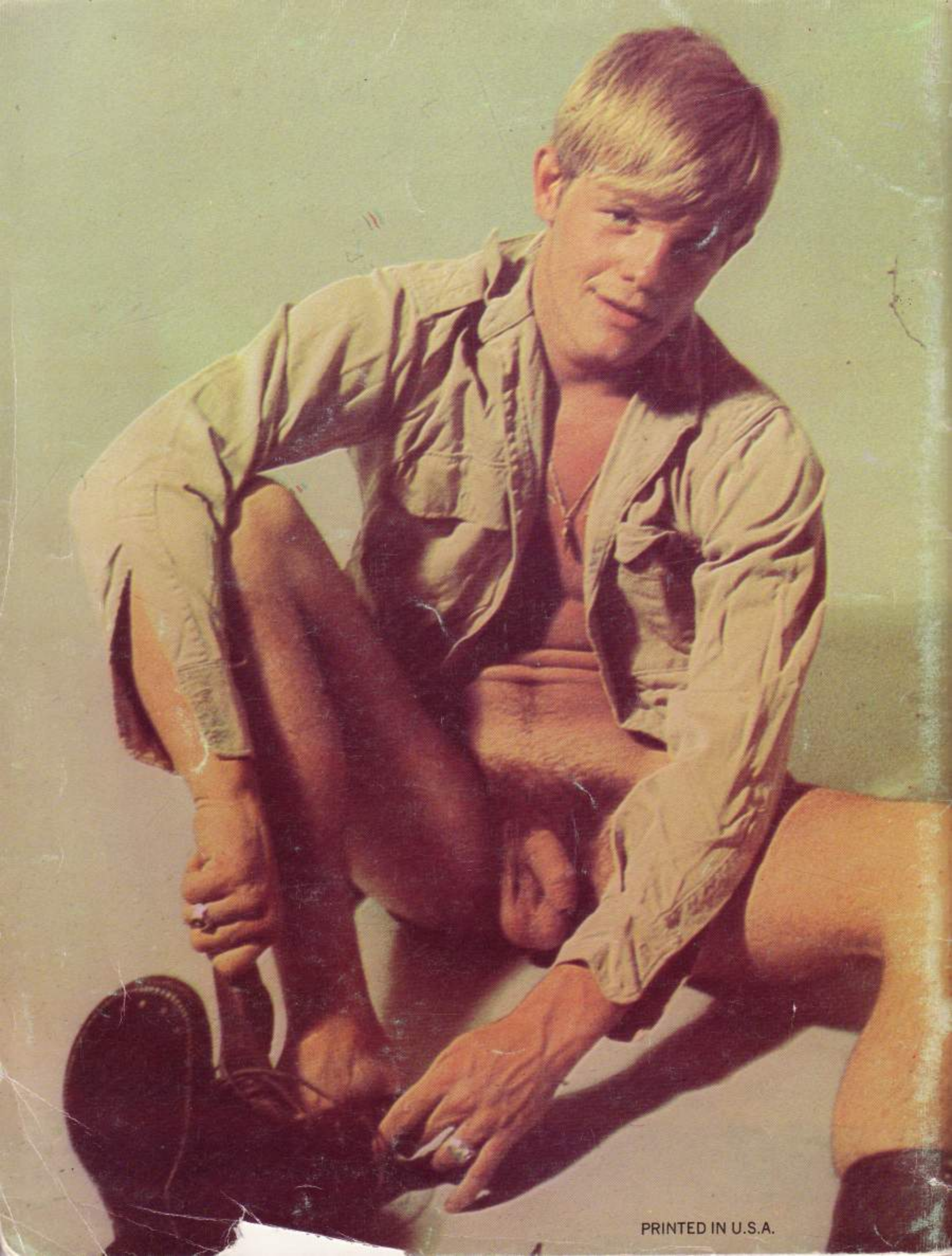
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